Glo. Tuſh that was in thy rage :
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for my loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou ſhalt bee acceſſary.
La. I would know thy heart
Glo. Tis figured in my Tongue.
La. I feare mee both are falſe.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your ſword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That ſhall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I ſhall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to were this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompaſſeth thy finger,
Euen ſo thy breſt incloſeth my poore heart.
VVere both of them for both of them are thine
And if thy poore ſupplyant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doeſt confirme his happineſſe foreuer.
La. What is it ?
Glo. That it would pleaſe thee leaue theſe ſad deſines
To him that hath more cauſe to bee a mourner,
And preſently repaire to Crosby place,
Where after I haue ſolemnely enterred
At *Chertſie* Monaſtery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient duty ſee you :
For diuers vnknowne reaſons, I beſeech you
Grant mee this boone.
La. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent:
Treſſill and *Bartly*, goe along with mee.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deſerue :
But ſince you teach mee how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſayd farewell already *Exit.*
Glo.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the courſe.
Ser. Towards *Chertſie* noble Lord ?
Glo. No to white Fryers there attend my comm
Was euer woman in this humour woed? *Exeu. M*
Was euer woman in this humour wonne ?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What ? I haue kild her husband and her father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt heate :
With curſes in her mouth, teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſſe of her hatred by :
Hauing God, her conſcience, and theſe barres agai
And I nothing to backe my ſute withall
But the plaine Diuell and diſſembling lookes.
And yet to win her all the world is nothing ? Ha
Hath ſhee forgot already that braue Prince
Edward her Lord, Whom I ſome three moneths
Stabd in my angry mood at *Tewxbury* ?
A ſweeter and louelier Gentleman,
Framd in the prodigality of nature :
Yong, valiant, wiſe, and no doubt right royall,
The ſpacious world cannot againe affoord.
And will ſhee yet debace her eyes on mee,
That cropt the golden prime of this ſweet Prince
And made her widdow to a woefull bed ?
On me, whoſe all not equals *Edwards* moity,
On me that halt, and am vnſhapen thus ?
My Dukedome to bee a beggerly denier,
I doe miſtake my perſon all this while,
Vpon my life ſhe finds although I cannot
My ſelfe, to bee a marualous proper man,
Ile bee at charge for a Looking-glaſſe,
And entertaine ſome ſcore or two of tailors
To ſtudy faſhions to adorne my body,
Since I am crept in fauour with my ſelfe,
I will maintaine it with a little coſt.
But firſt ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire ſunne, till I haue bought a glaſſe,
That I may ſee my ſhadow as I paſſe.